

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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Respectable Advertisements of Communities, Coöperative Societies, and new Socialistic ventures of any kind, will be inserted, with the distinct understanding that the publishers do not thereby assume any responsibility as indorsing the character, moral or financial, of such organizations. The rate for these special notices is one cent for each word, each insertion, cash in advance.

WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

The sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it 'first best' of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

The German anti-Socialist bill has passed the Reichstag with modifications, but it is still sufficiently severe in its provisions; and Bismarck is taking the utmost advantage of the power it gives him to repress, suppress and oppress. Four Socialist societies have been broken up in Berlin.

In the Bombay cotton factories the working hours for men are from 6.15 a. m. to 6.15 p. m.; for women and children, from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m., with only one half-hour allowed for rest and food. A commission has reported to the Bombay Government that "no case has been made out for legislation;" but it is said that every member of that commission is more or less financially interested in Indian mills.

William Frey of the Progressive Community of Cedar Vale, Kansas, is stirring up the Positivists to start Communities. He tells them that every new religion brings new forms of life, and if they are really animated, as they claim, by the religion of humanity they must inevitably realize a life based on brotherly love: they cannot remain in the present egotistical form of life which cannot possibly satisfy their altruistic feelings and thoughts.

The London *Examiner*, in the course of a rather caustic review of Hinds's "American Communities," says all the various Communistic bodies "have cultivated and reclaimed waste lands; they have from small commencements carried on prosperous industries; they have secured to all their members the necessities of life; they have given them immunity from the anxieties and worries of a hand-to-hand battle with the world; they have surrounded the friendless with friends; and the old and feeble with the protection of the young and strong. This they have been able to do by virtue of their religious afflatus, never mind what its special characteristics might be, which held them together."

The *Woman's Journal* objects to the phrase—"crouching tenantry of Massachusetts"—used by Hon. Geo. Julian in his recent article in the *North American Review*; but its own picture of the agricultural interests of that State could hardly have been made more dismal by any kind of tenantry. It says:

"Farms throughout Massachusetts and New England everywhere, except in the immediate vicinity of the larger cities and manufacturing towns, can, as a rule, be bought for less than the cost of their improvements. Farms cannot be rented for a term of years for enough to keep their improvements from going to waste. There is no class of farm landlords and class of farm-tenants in Massachusetts, and the great difficulty is to induce intelligent young men to remain on the farms in any capacity whatever. The reason why farms grow larger is because it does not pay to cultivate them, and they are being converted more and more into pasturage. The great want of New England is a revival of its agricultural interest."

Mr. Craig is not alone among his countrymen in urging that Coöperation has higher significations than percentage and profit. At a conference of delegates of Coöperative Societies held recently at Ripley, Eng., Mr. Scotton said—

"He was somewhat amused at the turn the discussion had taken. They were discussing coöperation and culture, and they must, it seemed, come to the old theme, the price of calico per yard, or the amount of dividend in the £. The societies and the world would not be much better if 'divi' was to be the alpha and omega of the movement. Were they not to do something to bring about a higher tone in society? to impart truth and justice to trade? to recognize their duty to their fellows as well as to themselves? to see their own good in the good of others? They needed something more than school-board education, good as it was. There was a social side to the coöperative movement which needed developing. They needed that culture that can see and appreciate the beauties and wonders in science and art; and above all, they needed educating in their own principles."

The following plan is suggested by Luther S. Kauffman of Denver, Col., as a remedy for existing labor troubles:

"Let there be organized an association with the simple object of aiding poor but worthy men who have no money, to come West, settle on government land, and make homes for themselves. Let this association be semi-business, semi-benevolent, in its character; let it be under the control of leading business men, clergymen, State and national officials, and philanthropists; have a stock capital in shares of, say ten dollars each. The association should be under such control that the entire people would have confidence in it and feel that it was not a speculative affair gotten up to enrich a few individuals. Then appeal to the benevolent people of the whole country to subscribe to the stock and raise, as a beginning, a million dollars, and appeal also to the State and National government for appropriations to aid the association. The money so raised to be used to pay the railway fares of the emigrant and his family from the East to the place selected by the association for settlement; to purchase supplies to sustain the emigrants until their crops are raised; to purchase horses and all needed farming imple-

ments, to be rented at fair rates to the settlers as they may be needed; to make such improvements, building, irrigation ditches or otherwise, as may be necessary to improve the lands or aid the settlers in speedily establishing comfortable homes. All money thus advanced by the Association to the settler to be a loan only, secured by a mortgage on all he owns and his future crops; and to be repaid to the Association by the one-half of his crops yearly until the debt is paid. The loans thus made and the sales made to the settler to bear interest at six per cent. until repaid, so that the capital may never be impaired, but be constantly turning over, to in like manner help other deserving poor."

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XLV.

There were no railroads in Ireland at the time our "New System" existed at Rahahine; and as we had agreed to deliver to the landlord the farm produce set apart for rent in accordance with our agreement, we sent sixteen stall-fed fat beasts for sale to Liverpool. They were driven along the roads to Dublin in the care of two herdsmen. They were thence shipped to the Liverpool market. I followed and delivered them to the agent, who paid the money received for them into the bank to the credit of the landlord. Other articles were, in a similar manner, delivered to the respective agents, the prescribed amount of corn to the corn factors, the butter to the merchants, and the money paid by the agents into the bank on behalf of the proprietor. The plan was a very simple one, and gave certainty to the landlord and satisfaction to both parties.

On revisiting Manchester I found the Coöperative cause progressing. I had, before leaving for Ireland, taken an active interest in the organization of the first congress for the systematic advocacy of Socialism, which was held in Manchester in 1830. Coöperative societies had been multiplied to the number of 300 in July of that year. In 1828 there were only four in existence. Hitherto Mr. Owen and his friends had relied on the hope of patronage from the wealthy or the action of government. The people lost faith in these expectations, and began to organize coöperative trading-fund associations after the plan of one established at Brighton. These soon extended to the number of 700 in 1832. Some of these societies were organized upon plans not calculated to promote their lasting prosperity. The law at that time was defective, as it failed to give security to the members and shareholders for the funds invested in the trade. A more systematic plan of propaganda was seen to be desirable, and hence the origin of the system of Annual Congresses, the first being held in Manchester. At the Congress held in 1832 the united kingdom was divided into nine missionary districts with a Coöperative Council and Secretary in each. These centers of missionary work were London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Norwich, Belfast, Cork and Dublin. Subsequently missionaries were appointed to several of these stations. It was one of the most practical and effective measures of that period for making the aims of Socialism known. The object the Socialists had in view was explained by a circular which was unanimously adopted under the head of "Regulations for Coöperative Societies." These were so clearly stated that it is desirable they should be remembered, as they seem to be lost sight of by most of those now elected as members of the Central Board. They advocate coöperative action so far as wholesale and retail trading are concerned, but cannot grasp the notion of united funds for the higher aims of Socialism. They are practical so far as aiming at making shoes, soap, candles, biscuits and children's sweets, but they fail to comprehend the vast importance of combining the capital accumulated by the profits of trade, for the purpose of establishing more healthy, and therefore happier, enlarged homes than those that at present exist. If all the dividends of Coöperative Societies were united in a common fund for investment in land, with a view to the erection of dwellings in healthy localities near to their manufactories, their members might enjoy all the privacy of the present family isolation surrounded by all the conveniences of affluence, in-

telligence and refinement. That coöperators should be content to have no higher aspiration than a quarterly dividend to dissipate is a proof that Coöperation must be a slow-moving agency, incapable of rousing the enthusiasm it would awaken if the leaders had the higher ideal of the pioneers of the Social movement.

The delegates at the Congress in 1832 recommended to "all present and future coöperative societies the adoption of the following fundamental rules and regulations, as the only constitutional basis upon which their societies can be permanently and successfully established."

"I. Let it be universally understood that the grand, ultimate object of all coöperative societies, whether engaged in trading, manufacturing, or agricultural pursuits, is *community in land*." It was proposed also that funds should be subscribed from year to year "until a capital sufficient to accomplish the object of the society be accumulated."

Some of the distributive stores were very successful, but failed through injudicious speculation. Others had not capital enough to cope with the competition around them. Lax management ruined several, while many were broken up through the unprincipled conduct of the managers, arising from the defects of the law which gave no protection to the property of the members, till legislative action was taken by Messrs. Hughes, Morrison, Neale, Ludlow and others, which effected a change. To-day members of coöperative societies may accumulate their funds and invest their capital in the land; but instead of combining for a united purpose they are absorbing and dissipating their dividends, and in some instances reducing the amount of shares from £200 to £50. This betrays the weakness of individualism and the absence of any combined purpose toward a higher and nobler aspiration than the sordid selfishness of the present condition of society. As a result of the success of mere trading coöperation, we now see extending the system of competitive coöperation under the various names of Civil Service and Coöperative Supply Associations. These, when carried to their legitimate results, must end in the reduction of the wages of the producer, which would strike at the foundation of mutual coöperation, which aims to secure to the laborer the whole of the products of his industry. Mutual coöperation only can secure the whole of the profits to the producer and consumer: Competitive Coöperation secures the whole of the profits to the capitalist and the consumer at the expense of the producer. The latter plan must end in intense competition, distress, violence and political revolution, while the former would effect a gradual amelioration of the conditions of society, and through Socialism pass into a higher and happier phase of existence without violence or political disturbance.

"HOME LIFE OF BROOK FARM."

III.

[Extracts from a Serial in the Atlantic Monthly.]

A SUNDAY LUXURY.

With all our pleasant social intercourse, our industrial powers were not idle, and if in any way one could add a little to the treasury it was cheerfully contributed. All who had skill in any kind of fancy work made it useful, and every effort was used to enable us to continue our life at Brook Farm; and we murmured at no retrenchment that was thought necessary. Baked pork and beans were to us a Sunday luxury, and to hard workers they were not injurious; but an English baronet, not young, and more daintily nurtured, once dined with us on a Sunday, and the consequences were sad to him, for he died of apoplexy that same night.

HORACE GREELEY.

One evening, when we were still in the dining-room, after our tea, I was startled by the appearance at the door of what, for a moment, I really thought must be a ghost, so unearthly seemed the vision; and with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks I turned to Mr. R—, wondering if it were visible to him. His amused smile reassured me, and he whispered, "It is Horace Greeley." My mind was very much relieved, and I became able to study the singular apparition before me. His hair was so light that it was almost white; he wore a white hat; his face was entirely colorless, even the eyes not adding much to save it from its ghostly hue. His coat was a very light drab, almost white, and his nether garments the same. I so long protested that his shoes matched the rest of his dress that I cannot now clearly remember whether they were really black or not. It is impossible for me to describe the effect he produced upon me, and it was not until I became acquainted with his gentle and pleasing manner that I could entirely overcome this first impression. I remember his reading to us, when we were all assembled in the parlor at the Aerie, some paper upon which he was desirous of receiving the criticism of our literary world. I am sorry to say the remembrance of its subject has passed from me, but I have an indistinct idea that it was something in reference to our own enterprise. The modesty of his bearing, the deference with which he listened to the remarks made, impressed me strongly. He was not then a politician, but earnest in his ideas of progress; perhaps

not always as practical as common-sense persons would advise, but true and unselfish.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

This summer an amusing though rather annoying incident happened. The house I lived in, the Cottage, had been built without a cellar, and it was thought it would be more healthy and less damp if one could be dug under it; so one of our members undertook to have it done. The necessary workmen were procured, and when I remember the result of their work I feel happy to say they were not residents of the place. We have been often laughed at for our unpractical efforts, for our strange vagaries, and for the want of average common-sense actions, but these outsiders entirely outdid us and overcame us on our own ground. The mover of this enterprise was called away, but supposed he had left his instructions plain enough to be understood by those whom he left to do the work. The work went on with apparent smoothness, and we had no doubt as to its being rightly done, until one day, sitting in the parlor, I heard a strange noise, and looking up was horrified to see a yawning chasm where there ought to be and had been a fire-place. My room, which was over the parlor, was half filled with bricks. The chimney on the other side of the house shared the same fate, but fortunately for the lady who occupied the room she was not present, for her parlor fared worse than mine, the whole chimney having apparently taken possession of it. The workmen did not understand that chimneys without any foundation to support them could not stand, and by digging underneath them and leaving them hanging in the air they prepared the way for their inevitable fall, fortunately in this instance with no more consequence than a little disturbance to the nerves of a few of us. We amused ourselves on the return of the professor in congratulating him on the success of his experiment.

R. W. EMERSON.

I cannot speak of all the friends who came to us during this summer, but among them Mr. R. W. Emerson must not be forgotten. His mere presence bore a charm with it which all must feel who have the privilege of associating with him, and I think he did us much good by his visits; the sweetness of his nature reached our hearts. He had always something interesting of his own to read to us, and there was a general feeling of delight when one of his visits was announced.

AMUSEMENTS.

Although dancing was a very popular amusement, we varied it by others in which the intellect was more called into play. Tableaux were favorites with us, and during this time we had several exhibitions of them, some ludicrous, but oftener pictures in which beauty was aimed at, and sometimes produced in them. Much ingenuity was exerted in manufacturing our costumes and in arranging the groups. As we had no pictures for studies, the composition was entirely our own, and many of them did us credit. History was studied for our subjects, and one can easily imagine that Scott's novels supplied us with many for our most pretentious exhibitions. Charades and proverbs were also frequently acted, and our wits were called into requisition by our impromptu dialogues. These last were entirely unstudied, often our words not having been selected until the moment of performance, and only a rough idea given to the actors of the manner in which the meaning should be conveyed to the spectators. There were often brilliant conversations which made one forget they were only for dramatic effect. To those who were entirely unacquainted with any of us it would be impossible to convey an idea of the brilliancy inclosed within this little circle. To be sure, it was a circle within a circle, and was destined hereafter to mar the entire unanimity which now existed among us.

FARMING.

I have said but little of our farming, for its details were unknown to me. Whether our cows were even commonly good I do not know, but I am sure they were not Alderneys. Our head farmer was indeed the only person on the place who really understood what farming should be, and I know that he did all that was in his power to make it profitable to the association. He was one of the most straightforward, upright, honest, and, let me add, industrious persons I ever met with; a man of few words, but what he said was to the purpose, and you knew they might be depended on. Gentle in his manner, I never heard of a rough word escaping him; there was no servility of manner; his nature was mild, but with no lack of manliness; and when I met him lately at a social gathering of the remnant of Brook Farmers, I looked upon him as one who had been a guiding star among us. If he had had some half-dozen men equal to himself to assist him in his labors, Brook Farm might have been a success; but to depend on men for digging, hoeing, mowing, etc., whose only implement of labor heretofore had been a pen, one could easily see would result in failure.

CONVERSION TO FOURIERISM.

Among the new-comers there had been admitted a man strongly imbued with Fourieristic ideas. He endeavored to inculcate the doctrine, but at first little heed was paid to him. Fourier's works had never reached us, and very vague notions of their contents dwelt in the minds of most of us. But this ignorance was not to last; sufficient reached the ears of our chiefs to stimulate their curiosity and make them wish to look farther into this philosophy of the French social reformer. His works were procured and an earnest study of them commenced. The regular routine inculcated—continual labor, varied in its character, which would act as a recreation on the laborer—seemed a revelation to those who longed to bring order out of the existing desultory method of conducting our industries. For once New-York had taken precedence of Boston in an "ism," and in a small clique of that city Fourier's

writings had been much studied. Intercourse was opened with the leader of this clique, and much information obtained from him as to the working of the system. As he had never practically tried it himself, his knowledge must have been based only on the ideal visions of the author. I believe he was sincere in his own convictions of the good which might result from this mode of life according to his own ideas of what life should be, and his subtle reasonings, if they did not entirely convince, had at least the power to overcome any reluctance to change the entire organization of our association. The determination to do so was no doubt influenced in a great degree by the absolute necessity there was of some bold effort to enable us to exist, and there seemed no other alternative than either to adopt this course or to dissolve the association. To many of us this would have been as a dissolution of family ties, for although much had crept in during the last six or eight months which was distasteful to the æsthetic natures of many of the associates, yet the remembrance of what had been clung closely around them and bound them firmly together. These were weary times; a great change was before us. For myself, personally, I did not at all enter into the Fourieristic movement. Visionary as our past life may have seemed to many, it was really reasonable compared to the one before us. The small details of the Fourier system were, to be sure, extremely dry and unpoetical, but the higher flights to which it pointed soared far beyond reasonable belief or scientific knowledge of the solar system.

FOURIERANA.

Selections from the Harbinger, Phalanx and other Publications of the Fourier Epoch.

XX.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The progress which industry has made in the last half century is certainly in many respects a subject of congratulation. The miraculous achievements of mechanical genius, the increase of national wealth and the diffusion of the appliances of comfort and elegance, are an honor to the ingenuity and energy of the age, as well as an intimation of still greater triumphs in the future, and a foundation for a higher order of human relations. In this point of view, it is impossible to look upon the march of productive labor without admiration. The beauty, perfection and cheapness of its creations, and the gigantic scale on which it is prosecuted, alike transcend all previous conceptions of the power of man. Nothing in the past can be compared with the industry of the present. The activity of nations formerly perverted in war and destruction, or wasted in the useless inaction of peaceful ignorance, is now occupied in the production of substantial good, with the forces of obedient nature co-operating in the work. In the roar of some large factory is a prouder testimony to the supremacy of man over the outer world, and a surer evidence of the grandeur of his destiny, than history has any record of. We do not listen to it without a thrill of pleasure as we think of the finite omnipotence which Humanity is destined to exercise upon the earth and the incalculable beauty and delight which it will create and enjoy.

But there is another side to the picture, which may well damp all our satisfaction. Beside the exploits of genius and the increase of wealth, there are facts standing in gloomy and startling relief, which not only create alarm for the present and doubt for the future, but appeal imperatively to the humane instincts of every heart. We see that national prosperity is no guaranty against destitution on the part of the majority of the people, and that the very laborer whose toils produce the riches that are the prop and boast of the state may starve while the means of almost unbounded luxury are passing through his hands. We see that the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, in equal proportions, and the sufferings of the masses are aggravated in the precise ratio in which the means of satisfying every desire become more plentiful! And with this increasing poverty of the producing classes, new burdens are of course laid upon their backs. On them not even the mercy shown to animals is bestowed. The less their powers of endurance, the more they must endure, into their most bitter cup is ever shed a new bitterness, beneath the lowest depth there is always a lower deep.

In the history of modern labor some of the darkest chapters are to be found in the reports of proceedings in the British Parliament. From them we learn to what fearful issues civilization has arrived among our elder brethren of the free Saxon blood, and indeed through the whole of Europe, and what we ourselves have to expect from the sure operations of the same causes unless we are warned in time. What we have to expect, do we say? The evil is not in the indefinite future; it is close at our doors if not already within them. The organization of labor for the benefit of the few, the subjugation of Man by Capital, is an established fact among us. An Industrial Feudalism is building up on our republican soil, and converting free Americans into its cowering

serfs. Shall it continue until it usurps the whole domain of manual labor and makes every laboring man its slave, or shall we resort to a preventive which will increase the amount of production, establish freedom and justice among all classes, and secure the rights not of one party or of one interest, but of all?—Chas. A. Dana.

CRITICISM APPLIED TO CHARACTER.

[From the Pamphlet on "Mutual Criticism."]

The general meaning of the word Criticism is obvious, being derived from the Greek *krino*, signifying to discriminate—to separate—to judge. It is properly applied to the process of inspection by which persons form their opinion of works in art, literature, science, morality and religion. It is an application of the judgment and taste to these things in such a way as to distinguish between the good and the bad—to separate mixtures and bring things to their simple elements, so that praise and blame, like and dislike, may be intelligently distributed. Hence criticism may be called with some propriety the chemistry of mental and spiritual forms—doing for the higher spheres of being something like what the crucible and testing apparatus do for gross matter.

Such is a general definition of the term *Criticism*. Traced out in its more specific application to different subjects, as to the fine arts, to literature, etc., we find that many different faculties are employed in its operation, and that the tests of approval and disapproval vary with the varying subjects. In music, criticism employs, as its agent, the *ear*, and requires that the performance shall pass the approval of certain principles of acoustic taste. In painting or sculpture, the *eye* is principally the medium of criticism, while the senses of form, color, and ideal beauty sit in judgment. In literature, there are still other faculties, as the love of truth, the imagination, etc., that are involuntarily summoned to the business of criticism whenever we read a book.

In respect to all these departments criticism is quite a natural operation of the mind, and is carried on continually as we come in contact with the objects of it, with more or less effect, according to our intelligence and purpose. Whenever we have a feeling of pleasure at the sight of a beautiful object, or at hearing fine music, there is the essence and beginning of criticism. We have only to trace out and tell the *reason* of our pleasure, or of the opposite sensation in case that is produced, to make the act of criticism complete.

With this view of the subject in its ordinary aspect, the reader will readily understand the explanation which we shall now give of SOCIAL or MUTUAL CRITICISM. Observe, then, that the faculty of careful discrimination and correct judgment, which in ordinary circles is exercised mainly in the criticism of literature and art, in the circle of Mutual Criticism is turned to the discovery of personal character. We carry up the art and the uses of criticism from the range of things to that of human beings. What the *connoisseur* and the reviewer do in respect to books and paintings we do in respect to ourselves and one another.

It is evident that an immensely wider and richer field of scrutiny is offered in the case of living character, with all its various phases and relations, than in the case of lifeless objects like paintings or books. A person presents himself to us in a many-sided, complex way, not as an object of sight and sound merely, but as a spiritual, intellectual, physical and social being, with whom we hold perpetual and often intimate relations. How appropriate, then, it is that he should be the subject of criticism—that we should note and study that in him which tends to give us pleasure, and should observe, on the other hand, those things which are inharmonious and disagreeable.

While the criticism of character employs most (if not all) of the faculties which are engaged in the criticism of other things, it also brings into exercise a still higher part of our nature—the faculty of spiritual perception. As mere living beings we possess in ourselves, and present to others, all the essential beauties of music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and romance, on which to exercise the discrimination of taste; and still beyond this there are the harmonies of spiritual life, which are understood only in the clairvoyance and fellowship of spirits.

Mutual Criticism, it will be seen, is an organized system of judgment and truth-telling which gives voice and power to the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Selfishness and disorder inevitably annoy the circle around them, and the circle thus annoyed has, in the institution of Mutual Criticism, a regular and peaceable method of bringing the truth to bear upon the offender

—a method much more likely to cure the evil than ill-timed and acrimonious complaints of aggrieved individuals.

It is important that persons or circles attempting criticism should get a true, comprehensive ideal of its nature and spirit. Experience shows that unpracticed critics are liable to fall into narrow views on the right hand and on the left. Some persons seem to consider criticism merely a keen and sharp delineation of faults, without any reference to corresponding virtues. Others make it consist in indiscriminate praise, passing over defects so lightly that they are lost sight of in view of the virtues. Others again seize on the external manifestations of character, and skim its surface without diving into its recesses. The first of these methods is an index of a *ensorious* spirit; the second of a *flattering* spirit; and the third of a *superficial* spirit. True criticism avoids them all. It studies character as a painter would a picture, exploring and analyzing the whole. It refers actions back to their hidden springs—traces excesses to some virtue which is overstrained—points out the deficiencies which indicate the want of union with life of an opposite nature—is hearty, yet temperate in awarding praise and blame, and leaves its subject neither flattered nor despairing, but earnest and hopeful.

"SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION."

An English lady—Miss M. Betham-Edwards—has an interesting article in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the above heading. Her descriptions are free from anything suggesting class patronage and evince a hearty sympathy with the prevailing good feeling of the thronging masses at the Exhibition. Charles Lamb, when asked on one occasion, if he liked a certain man, replied, "No." "But do you know him?" "No, you dunce, for if I did I should like him." So, under the combined civilizing and fraternal influences of the times, mutual acquaintance is certain to promote kindly feelings and unity between classes and nations. It is said that France is more free from the dangers of Socialism than any other country in Europe. It would be truer to say, more free from *class antagonism*, and because *social* influences are leavening all classes of her society. Miss Edwards' article is all very readable, but we only quote her account of the Exhibition on the great workman's holiday of the season—the *jour de la Pentecôte*—and some of her appended comments:

"What with the pleasure trains bringing in their contingents of country folks from all parts of France, the excursionists from England, and the entire population of the capital turned out to play, the prospect of our getting to the Exhibition, much less back again, seemed problematic. However, off we set, monsieur, madam, and their English guest, bent upon spending the best part of the day, namely, from twelve till five o'clock, with the crowd. Nothing could be easier. All was good humor, urbanity, and quiet enjoyment throughout the length and breadth not only of Paris, but the Champ de Mars, where nearly two hundred thousand human beings were now collected, the larger proportion belonging to the working-classes.

"The chief building of the Exhibition itself is ordinary enough, viewed from a distance, a mere convenient glass-domed structure, with long transepts and nave; but the paramount charm of this Exhibition above its predecessor consists not only in its 'Street of Nations,' but in the dozens, scores, hundreds of other architectural appendages scattered all over the wide grounds of the Champ de Mars, the Seine flowing between, and Paris panoramically stretching on either side. Amid and around these countless and attractive looking buildings—if, indeed, such light structures have been more than conjured together by some magician, to be dispersed as easily—circulate the two hundred thousand holiday makers this Whit Monday, as easily as the privileged visitors in our Zoological Gardens on Sunday. Thus far all was as might have been expected; but never shall I forget the spectacle presented to us, when, towards the close of the afternoon, we quitted this vast recreation ground of the Champ de Mars by way of the Trocadéro. Looking back from the raised steps of that ingratiating little palace, we saw the garden below thronged from end to end, every inch blackened with masses of moving human beings, a gigantic beehive covered with bees. It was rather an invading army—terrace, balcony, balustrade, broad walk, side paths, all taken possession of; and above all stretched the majestic panorama of Paris, the river flowing below—Notre Dame, the gilded dome of the Invalides, Val de Grâce, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Pantheon standing out conspicuously above the rest. But it was an invasion of peace, and not of war; and in spite of the enormous multitudes, there was room both within and without the Champ de Mars for all, and getting back from the Exhibition was as easy as getting there. No disorder, no drunkenness, no squabbling for places; and later on, the streets were quiet and orderly. The Parisian population is accused justly of frivolity and love of change, but at least a great public holiday is not

turned into the scene of excess which too often disgraces soberer nations.

"And here I must be permitted a remark which may perhaps offend English readers. Without doubt the French working people take their amusements more politely, because they take them in company of their betters. Just as the accessibility of art collections and museums in France improve the taste and educate the eye of the French workingman, so does the habit of perpetually mixing with the better ranks soften his manner. Before we too rudely blame our working classes for coarseness and sensuality in their amusements, let us give them the opportunity of choosing between good and evil. Whilst museums and art galleries are closed on Sundays we cannot wonder that the public houses are full."

"It is delightful to find all classes participating in whatever literary, artistic, or social gratifications this great gathering affords; and with a liberality worthy of imitation, alike the civil and military authorities, as well as public companies and private employers, are doing their best to put such opportunities within reach of all. Thus the Salon has been thrown open gratuitously on the Sundays and Thursdays, also the interesting Gobelins tapestry works on certain days and various other collections. The Minister of War drafts off 200 soldiers daily to visit the Exhibition free of cost, and companies and private business houses are showing the greatest generosity in supplying their hands with the necessary funds for a week's holiday in Paris. Every day the newspapers give fresh instances of such munificence, and every day the streets and places of public amusement testify to the fact. Wherever you go you find large numbers of working people and peasant folks from all parts of France. The remotest provinces are daily sending their contingents, and many of the holiday-makers are aged men and women whose admiring wonder is touching to witness. It is evident that these individuals have made up their minds to see everything. You find them alike in the historic galleries of the Trocadéro, in the Salon, in the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg, in the museums, in the charming walks of the Park Monceaux, in the Botanic Gardens. The presence of all ranks is especially striking to us aristocratic English folks, who never by any chance mix with the 'people,' so called, except at Sunday-school treats. Here the blue blouse and the *coiffe* are found side by side with fashionable ladies and gentlemen everywhere. However much French people may be divided in political or religious opinions, at least in the hour of recreation they are one.

"And without doubt, one of the most important aspects of this great gathering is this, the bringing together in pleasant relation of class to class, proletarian and plebeian, master and subordinate. The Exhibition will do much if, to borrow an expression of Gambetta's, it renders not only the Republic, but the *bourgeoisie* 'aimable' to the great bulk of the nation, in other words, the working-people. What the division was between *bourgeois* and workman, the close of the Franco-German war but too painfully showed us. Let us hope and trust that the Exhibition will be the means of awakening a better feeling, and that for the future we may see the French workman and the peasant, master and *bourgeois*, meeting half-way. Least of all in France has a great class antipathy a *raison d'être*, for in France, and France only, we find the principle of equality at work and a wide-spread prosperity and abundance apportioned out to all."

A COMTIST SCHISM.

There is dissension and schism in the Positivist Church. That Church is not a very numerous body. An English University wag, who attended a meeting of the London Positivists, reported to his associates that the church had "three persons and no God." This is but the jocular statement of an undeniable fact. The Church founded by Comte does not grow in numbers at a rate to make even the least of the Christian churches fear for their adherents, though it must be acknowledged that many of his thoughts on religion and science are in the air and are made use of unhesitatingly by persons who are entirely ignorant of their origin. Professor Adler, for instance, talks Positivism, though he is by no means a Positivist, and declares justly enough that he is not acquainted with Comte's writings, and is under no obligation to him. In matters purely scientific the same tendency is apparent. The Comtean mode of thought permeates the scientific movement, though many of its exponents are ignorant of its source. In some few cases, of course, the source of the inspiration is avowed. In the preface to a recent French grammar, M. Littré, the earliest and most celebrated of M. Comte's adherents, congratulates the author on making use of the historical method which was first systematized by Comte, and through the application of which many notable conquests of science have since his day been made.

But Comte's liliputian church—the "complete adherents" of the master—have divided. How many of them there are is not known, but they cannot number more than 200, the result of thirty years' missionary work. Dr. Congreve, the head of the English Positivists, has announced in a circular, which has just reached this country, that he and other members—English and French—have finally decided to start for themselves.

They throw off the leadership of M. Lafitte, the Director of Positivism, whose headquarters is in Paris, in the rooms where Comte died twenty-one years ago. Dr. Congreve says that the schism is not on account of any dissension on matters of doctrine. The doctrine will still be the same. But he and those who agree with him have lost confidence in the ability of M. Lafitte. His twenty years of leadership have proved a failure, and they propose to start on their own account. How many of the 200 Positivists Dr. Congreve expects to draw after him his circular does not state. But perhaps he thinks his schism will divide the Positivist world into two halves. This movement will make little stir in the world. It is only of interest as showing the tendency to disintegration which lies dormant in the whole "come-outer" movement—even in that branch of it which insists most strenuously on discipline and union.—*The Daily Graphic*.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

PLEASE notice the list of valuable presents offered on our last page to those who send us new subscriptions. Also look at the Clubbing list, and note the saving to be made by subscribing for other papers and magazines with the AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

To every present subscriber to the AMERICAN SOCIALIST who gets us a new subscriber for the year 1879, and collects Two DOLLARS therefor, we will allow a cash commission of ONE HALF. Send us one dollar in a P. O. Money-Order or registered letter, with the name and address of the new subscriber, and keep the other dollar for your trouble. Do this at least once, and repeat it as often as you can.

As an extra inducement you may offer the paper FREE to the new subscribers from the time of their subscribing until January 1st, 1879.

THE "SOCIALISTIC UNION."

A correspondent residing in California, renewing his subscription, writes: "The Socialistic Union is proving effectual, doing a valuable work. Bro. Anthony perhaps builded wiser than he knew." He also sends the name of a new applicant for membership, and says: "As I am delayed in getting to the office with this, there is some danger that the last list will be printed before it reaches you. How would it do to adopt this plan for such cases: instead of printing any more lists to send out, send to each coming applicant for membership the last-printed list and print the applicant's name in the AMERICAN SOCIALIST once or twice? Then all the members could add to their lists each new name as it appeared."

Very good. We are willing to do this, and there really seems to be some further demand for the membership, as we have received several applications since the fourth list was mailed. Up to this time we have returned the money to all such late applicants. If they desire their names added on the above plan they can write again. Here are two names that can now be added:

James M. Cosby, Bakersfield, Kern Co., Cal.

N. T. Romain, Thayer, Neosho Co., Kansas.

We mail List No 4, to these gentlemen, and the other members will please add them to their lists.

Persons ordering the list hereafter must say expressly whether they want their names published in the SOCIALIST as an introduction to all the other members. If a considerable number of new names are added in this way, we will print new and complete lists at suitable intervals.

A GREATER VICTORY.

The heart-sickening recitals of sorrow, suffering and death in the plague-stricken districts of the South have been heard for months in all the villages of the North. The daily chronicles of the march of the dread scourge from city to city and from State to State have been anxiously noted by millions whose hearts throbbed with earnest sympathy for the sufferers—sympathy that found expression in the noblest deeds of benevolence. Contributions in money, food, clothing and medical stores have been made by thousands that were blessed with the giving; and more—many have voluntarily imperiled their lives as nurses and helpers to the sick and dying. Such generosity and self-sacrifice could not go unacknowledged. They are more potent than victories on the battle-field. They compel a recognition of a unity that is deep and vital. Witness the following utterance by John F. House, candidate for Congress in the 6th Tennessee district:

"In the next contest the two great parties will divide

upon governmental policy, and without sectional animosity. Sectional hatred will be eliminated from the contest. So far as the South is concerned, I am certain such will be the case. I cannot find it in my heart to indulge in feelings of malice toward the people of the North. When I witness such magnanimous and generous conduct toward the southern people, I feel like pulling off my hat and standing uncovered in their presence. O, grander than the victory of Appomattox is the victory won by the people of the North in their noble and generous contributions to a stricken and suffering South. Upon that fated field the South surrendered her sword. Within the shadow of the dark wing of pestilence, beside the new-made graves of her heroic sons and daughters, with bowed head and tearful eyes, she extends her hand and surrenders her heart to a generous and magnanimous North. God's own hand has bridged the bloody chasm. Let not the ambition of man seek to reopen the wounds and to rekindle the embers of sectional strife. Let us go into this great contest of 1880 without any of these elements of sectional bitterness."

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

Reformers are apt to measure the world's progress by the victories gained by their favorite scheme. They need to occasionally glance over the entire field and get a comprehensive idea of the general campaign and its objects. There may be failures in the execution of this and that plan, while there is general progress, and while events are shaping for a grand victory along the whole line of battle. The interests of the general army are vastly more important than the interests of some single brigade—a fact that individual reformers should understand and live by. When the war of the Rebellion was in progress the important question was not whether Vicksburg or Atlanta or Richmond was to be captured, but whether the Union army was marching toward a general victory that would crush the Rebellion. And so the important question always is, not whether Temperance, or Woman's Rights, or Labor Reform, or any other particular reform is progressing; but whether events are marshaling for a general victory which will include the triumph of individual reforms.

This view is all-important for Socialists. As a correspondent remarked in our last number, those who train under the name of Socialists start from ideas and modes of thought almost as wide apart as the poles, some owing allegiance to Fourier, others to Owen, others to Ann Lee, others to Noyes, and so on. Now if the different classes interest themselves exclusively or chiefly in matters pertaining to their own progress, it is evident that most of them will find little occasion for rejoicing. We cannot recall a single one of the Socialistic sects that has any great cause for self-congratulation on account of its successes. But considering them all—Fourierists, Owenists, Harmonists, Separatists, Shakers, Bible Communists, Coöperators, Trade-Unionists, Labor-Reformers, etc.—as one army working for the single grand object of introducing better Social conditions, there is great cause for rejoicing and hope. They are each and all doing their part in convicting society of its false conditions, and in pointing the way to the better future.

BEST FRIEND OF FAMILY AFFECTION.

We sometimes have occasion to defend Communism from the charge of being unfriendly to the family tie; but so far from this being a reasonable charge the very contrary is true. The principles of Communism are more friendly to the family bond than those of any other social state. Families are kept whole in Communities as they are nowhere else. You will find in them not only parents with all their children, but grandparents with all their descendants around them; and it is our happiness to know that many a fraternal circle remains unbroken in Communism, which in the ordinary course of things would before now have been parted at every link, and the members scattered, one in a place, never to be reunited.

The principles of common society constantly and inexorably rend the family tie. Think of the happiest family with which you are acquainted in isolated life. It will soon be dispersed to the four winds. Marriage will carry off the daughters, and business the sons, and after that they will have but little more to do with each other. They may keep up a correspondence for a while; but as their separate affairs carry them farther and farther apart, even that will grow formal and die out. Each of the brothers and sisters will start a new family, and after a few years each of these families will be scattered abroad in the same way. So that one who values the family tie and yet enlists with individualism is going to a hopeless war. He will find arrayed against the romance of his heart, 1st, the spirit of selfishness and dissension, under all and over all and through all; 2d, the institution of marriage, which carries nearly all into

separate captivities; 3d, the machinery of business, which separates interests and hardens hearts; and 4th, death—from which there is no known way of escape.

We are determined not to fool ourselves with the hopeless effort to find social happiness in such a system, but prefer to fool ourselves, if there must be any fooling, with an attempt to get out of it; and we are trying, as we believe with good success and good prospects, to organize and fortify a new fashion of society, that shall be able to withstand and subdue the destructive forces that are everywhere breaking up families. We claim, therefore, to be true friends of the Family Bond.

MAN: A Weekly Journal of Progress and Reform.

This is the title of a new radical weekly which has just made its appearance in New York City. Asa K. Butts is its Editor and Publisher. As might be inferred from its title, it aims to cover the whole field of reform. Its own ideal is thus given:

"The want of a journal whose first aim will be to give briefly, in shape for assimilation, a bird's-eye view of the weekly advances made by mankind in the evolution of universal happiness, is still widely felt. It must be furnished on the basis of cost and not for profit; it must confine its range of vision to the solar system mainly; it must be broad and liberal, independent, unprejudiced, untrammelled, not burdened with personalities which it is devoted to making or afraid of marring. Its manager should have other means of support or be content with very little of worldly goods. It should be initiated by the contributions of many capitalists, and then sustained by the spontaneous exertions of laboring men of all classes. Its days of begging must be few. It must never be a charity affair. It must be made every-way worth its price, and no one should receive or enjoy it without paying enough to cover its bare cost at least. How near we shall come to this ideal sketch is for others largely, and perhaps for time, to determine."

The first No. of the new paper, now before us, is a large, well-printed, eight-page journal. We hope it will merit and achieve success. For \$1.00 a year MAN is sent to any subscriber, together with a *Scientific Supplement*, containing one or more lectures and other matter. To many readers the *Supplement* will be worth much more than the subscription price.

REVIEW NOTES.

POGANUC PEOPLE: Their Loves and Lives. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 12 mo., pp. 375. New York: 1878.

Since dazzling the world with the coruscations of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. Stowe seems to have betaken herself to the more quiet task of depicting New England life and scenery; and that she does this thoroughly well no New Englander who has read her late stories will deny. "Poganuc People" may be considered as a continuation of this series; and in truthfulness to nature, both animate and inanimate, is no whit behind the best. Indeed, we discern, in the tenderness with which some parts of the narrative are treated, a trace of autobiography. Poganuc reminds us strongly of Litchfield; the good Dr. Cushing resembles Dr. Beecher; and little Dolly Cushing may easily be an idealized, and possibly not greatly exaggerated, reminiscence of the early life of the author herself. In fact, to those familiar with the history of the Beecher family and with Litchfield, the autobiographic character of this book is likely to prove its most interesting feature.

There is so much true feeling and graphic narrative in this story that we are quite willing to overlook its minor imperfections, such, for example, as the truly feminine disregard of dynamic science with which the author enables a man, with the help of three boys and four oxen, to move a school-house a quarter of a mile on a brief winter's afternoon; and, in fact, we are tempted to forget that the plot is of the slenderest kind, being merely a thread on which to string the descriptive scenes with which the story abounds. If a book is readable, and this certainly is, we can afford to disregard the unities and the regulation framework, which we call the plot, and all those aids which are so necessary to an indifferent work, but so easily dispensed with in a good one. If the wine has the proper flavor, we care very little whether it is expressed by adequate machinery or trodden out by the feet of the slow-moving peasant.

We cannot, however, quite overlook the fact that the plot of this book has one radical defect, and that is its termination. We were getting to love little Dolly Cushing, and even when she had ripened into womanhood our affection had not abated, when lo! within fifteen pages of the end, a total stranger appears on the scene and incontinently marries her, and takes her unto himself, and out of our sight forever. He may have been a very good young man, for aught we know, or a very indifferent or even stupid one; there is little to indicate what his real character was; but he whisks off our heroine in such an unceremonious manner as to

leave us very indignant with him, and somewhat unconciled with the author for allowing such an abduction. If she was to be married, why, in the name of all that is sociable and homelike, couldn't she have had a husband with whom we were acquainted, and to whom we should have felt reconciled to have resigned her, satisfied that she would have been properly cared for? Why are we allowed only fifteen pages in which to make up our minds whether or no the fortunate stranger is worthy of our darling? We submit that we, as representing the great reading public, are entitled to more considerate treatment.

We are reminded in this connection of what we consider a similarly infelicitous termination of one of the best works of a much greater artist than Mrs. Stowe. We very well recollect on our first reading of "Bleak House," how exasperating it was to have Esther Summerson desert her guardian and marry a man who was a comparative stranger to us. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should marry her guardian, who would have been a most devoted husband, and who could not have failed to have made her married life a happy one, despite their difference in years. But just at the close of the story comes along a person of whom we hardly know anything, wins her love, and leaves the poor guardian out in the cold, before we have time to realize what the man is about. We have always considered this a most inartistic close to a very artistic book; and in bidding adieu to "Poganuc People," we have to dismiss it with the same verdict. It is a grave defect, considered either from a sentimental or an esthetic point of view; but it is a fault in which, as we have seen, Mrs. Stowe does not stand alone, and which will not prevent her book being read and enjoyed by every New Englander who has a genuine love for his native soil.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

- Golden days; frosty nights.
- A light snow-fall on the 28th.
- The water from the new spring is running finely.
- The paring-bees are over. Two hundred bushels of apples dried.

—Now for the mighty autumn winds, waltzing among the fallen leaves, whirling them across the meadows, heaping them beside the fences, and dropping them by the pathways where they rustle their minor symphony beneath the passing footsteps.

—To really enjoy good music you should hear it at home with only friends about you. You may then sink into an easy chair, expand the solar-plexus, draw in the outward-bound propensities, and give yourself up to the spell, without being diverted by your neighbors or the consciousness of your own appearance, whether good or bad. On the afternoon of the 23d we were favored with a concert from the Richings-Bernard Opera Troupe, and long will the event be remembered as one of the pleasantest entertainments which has ever come to us. Although many musical artists have exhibited to us their skill, none have poured out their gifts so liberally as did this Troupe. They charmed us by their opening chorus, and they continued to charm us for more than an hour, there being not one dull spot in their exercises. We had long heard of Caroline Richings Bernard as one of the best of America's Prima Donnas, though but few of our people had ever seen her. We found her an interesting and superior woman, as well as a conscientious and pleasing artist, with great versatility of talent. Her combination with Pierre Bernard is a happy one, musically considered, the two singing and acting together with delightful effect. His rendering of the laughing chorus in "The Merry Little Fat, Grey Man" was so true to nature in such a variety of temperaments that we shook with sympathetic laughter. Mr. Frank Howard's resonant and effortless bass was much admired, his manner plainly indicating that his singing is purely *con amore*. Mrs. Drayton's lively acting was excellent, and "The Maid of Dundee," by Miss Stacie Campion, touched us with its simple pathos. The duets and choruses were spirited; but we need not specialize, for everything was good and elicited that spontaneous and hearty applause which denotes sincere enjoyment.

—The last number of "Cerebrum Abdominale" reminds us of a story one of our women told the other day. In the year 1840 she went with a friend to Springfield, Mass., on a visit. While there she heard of a young girl who possessed the hypnotic faculty, and, just for the fun of the thing, she and her

friend called on her to have their fortunes told. They found the girl to be a mere child of eleven years who, by gazing into a dark stone, professed to be able to prognosticate future events. Mrs. T. (then Miss W.) asked her the usual questions: "Shall I ever be married?" "Yes," answered the child, "but not the one you think you will." (Miss W. was then keeping company with a young man.) "Will he marry?" "Yes, one, two, three times." "Did I ever see the man I am to marry?" "No." "What will he be doing when I first see him?" "He will be washing his hands." "How will he be dressed?" "In a suit of blue." "What kind of a house shall I live in?" A strange smile flitted across the girl's face as she answered, "O, a brown house." Then looking closer she exclaimed, "A reddish house—a great, big house. Lots of folks" (stopping to laugh very heartily and acting as though she saw a comical sight), "queer folks; queer folks, boys and girls!" Seven years afterward Miss W. met her "fate" washing his hands and dressed in blue! Although she had another suitor she married this man in about six months, and soon afterward joined the Oneida Community which had then just started, where she lived at first in a brown house, then in the present red-brick mansion and among lots of people who were certainly "queer." They looked, too, like "boys and girls," for the short dress and pantalets had been assumed as the prevailing costume by the women of the Society. She also heard from her early lover sometime ago, and learned that he was living with his third wife. In 1840 the Oneida Community was but a grain of mustard-seed in one man's mind, and the short dress had not even been thought of; yet this child, looking into a dark-colored stone, saw prophetic pictures of an uncreated Communistic movement which has for thirty years been developing into its present dimensions, but which then appeared so vivid to her introverted vision that she laughed as one who beheld a strange reality.

CEREBRUM ABDOMINALE.

XXXII.

The building and decoration of the Tabernacle was all committed to *wise-hearted* men and women. They were "willing-hearted" to begin with, and then God gave them wise hearts, or *genius*, which appears to be the same thing. It is said he "filled them with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work of the engraver and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue and purple, in scarlet and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of them that devise cunning work." "All the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair," etc. It would be an interesting inquiry how many of the devices, inventions and discoveries of the present day came consciously by intuition or perception in the heart. It is reported that Edison says his bright ideas come in flashes. If so, we think they must come through his sympathetic nature, and not exactly through the working of his brain. Newton made his discoveries by a kind of miraculous perception; that is, he says, by holding his attention on a point a sufficient length of time, *light came*. He did not think out the result; he *saw* it at last. Mrs. Stowe's great work of genius was a conscious inspiration, drawn on her by prayer. Was it Donizetti, or some other great musical composer, who wrote for his own epitaph—"The finder of many melodies?"

Solomon prayed for an *understanding heart*, and God gave it to him. That was something more than intellectual sagacity; it was intuitive wisdom, as we conceive. He was young, and felt his incapacity as king over God's chosen people. He said—"I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in, and I am in the midst of thy people, a great people: give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad," etc. Of all men, judges and rulers need intuitive wisdom. Solomon's prayer is the prayer for them. Solomon's device to prove which of the two women was mother of the living child was intuitive; his heart suggested it: and that example was given to show the style of his management. With an understanding heart he reigned in the kingdom of human passions, and there is the throne of every great ruler.

It is said of a prophetic character in Isaiah, "The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, * * * and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears, but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth." Justice is represented as blindfold, and the best meaning of that is,

that the good judge turns into his heart to see the final truth.

The first qualification of a Community leader is an understanding heart; a great head will not stand him in stead. The intellect may frame a constitution and make it work splendidly on paper, but in practical administration nothing will run without a wise heart at the center. A thousand things come up for him to judge upon, which take deeper discernment than lies above the bridge of any man's nose. He must often *feel* his way through intricacies that baffle his mind. The secret of J. H. N.'s success has been the subject of much discussion. It is sometimes ascribed to his intellect and sometimes to his will or powerful personal influence; but those who know him best are sure his heart is the fountain of all his success. He works with that more than he does with his voice or pen, or his head in any way. He talks with that more than he does with the Community family. Of all his individual habits, this is the most familiar to his friends. Go to his room at any time, and if he is alone you will find him sitting with his arms folded across his breast and his eyes closed, absent, oblivious as one asleep, yet most intently awake, as appears by a rapid motion of his fingers, which would soon wear a hole through his vest on the side but for a piece of leather sewed on as a protection. We said, if he is alone, but a room full of lively conversation is often no interruption to him. What he is about will best be understood by quotations we shall now make from one or two of his Home-Talks. Go no farther, most candid inquirer, for the secret of one successful Community:

LITTLEISM AND QUIETISM.

"I am getting more and more in love with the spirit that is contented with little things, and does not require some great excitement in order to be happy. The pleasant incidents of life may be very small. It is not necessary that I should go on some excursion, or have a Christmas dinner, or do anything unusual; little things may turn up that will give zest and variety to the plainest kind of a day, and make me feel that my life is musical and full of change. I only need to know how to appreciate and use them. My grand capital of enjoyment is fellowship with Christ and the truth, heart-meditation, *quietism* if you please to call it so. With that as the specie basis or dynamic element of happiness, I can make a pleasant life of very small incidents. This is certainly the order in which our life should be arranged; fellowship with God, interior reflection, and what may be called quietism, should be regarded as dynamic; and external action, whether in labor or sport, as secondary or conspicuous. We shall undoubtedly sooner or later have a great deal of external activity; but it will rest on a kind of quietism as its base. On that base, God will give us a zeal, industry and power that will surpass anything the world has ever seen; and at the same time the quietism will be sufficient for us, so that we should be contented with even a very monotonous life."

SPIRITUAL MEDITATION.

"The promise of the Comforter which is given to lead us into all truth, attaches to us as reflectionists; not as men of business or professors of certain external doctrines; but as men given to reflection. We must go back into the interior of our being to meet the Spirit of Truth. It necessarily addresses the deepest part of our nature. Its principal dealing, according to the name which Christ applied to it, is with our *rational spirit*. In calling it the *Spirit of Truth* we comprise in it the two ideas of life and intelligence. Its contact is not with our intellect chiefly; it is with our spirit; but it touches that side of our spirit which is the seat of intelligence. It is a rational spirit; and as such addresses a corresponding element in us. * * *

"Nothing is so satisfactory to my heart as to see people fond of spiritual meditation; not the idle, luxurious meditation of the quietist, but that earnest recurrence to one's own center which is in fact recurrence to God. As God is the most active being in the universe, engaged in unremitting beneficence, the kind of meditation which connects us with him makes us also active, and furnishes us unto every good word and work.

"There has always been some method provided for consulting God. The patriarchs had a way of laying their projects before him. David asked counsel of the Lord against the Philistines—"Shall I go up?" Having obtained an answer, he knew he should succeed. The ark of the covenant was long the place where the people of Israel consulted God. What was then locally true is now a universal principle. The external type is superseded by the spiritual substance. You will find in your own nature a sanctuary—a holy of holies, an ark of the covenant, a place where God reveals himself;

and it is your privilege in all transactions to ask counsel of God and talk with him about your purposes. We must search out this central sanctuary—must know where the ark of the covenant rests—and be in a condition to refer to it. It should become the habit of our lives to turn to God for consultation and assistance in all affairs; and when the flesh most calls for activity, when conflicts and emergencies are most pressing and everything is whirling with excitement, then is the time to fall back and commune with God; because then we have the least ground of hope in the efficiency of our own wills. Much as we have to do, there is still no hurry; and we need not recklessly drive on for fear our work will get ahead of us, or think we have no time for reflection. Even in the hurly-burly of battle, if you do not see your way clear, your safest course is to lie down and reflect. In meditation you have at all times a quiet, safe refuge; and when you have got counsel from God you will go forth to action with a sure heart."

AN EVENING CHAT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

FRANK, *the observing;*
GEORGE, *the impulsive;*
WILLIAM, *the thoughtful;*
HENRY, *the practical;*
HELEN, *the lovable, and her attendants.*

Frank.—(*Laying down his daily*)—Well, I must say I am interested in what the papers report about clairvoyance and mediums in the law-courts now-a-days.

George.—(*Likewise laying down a newspaper*)—So am I. It seems that Dr. Hunt's testimony about that Stannard and Hayden affair was really quite important. Then one paper says that clairvoyants and mediums could probably very often help about detecting crime, if they could be insured from subsequent persecutions therefor.

F.—For my part I don't see why a clairvoyant who exposes a mysterious crime in a mysterious manner, should be any more subject to persecution than a professional detective, who ferrets it out by the hardest and most expensive routine.

Geo.—Nor I. Really, I think it would be a blessing to humanity if this clairvoyant gift was more common, or could be more commonly utilized.

F.—I suppose scientific skepticism, and a dread of being humbugged, will always hinder the mass of intelligent people from seeking information from such sources.

Geo.—Still, there are many who do, spite of public ridicule. For my part, I don't think a well-balanced, intelligent person need be so cautious or afraid of humbugging. One could learn of Commodore Vanderbilt about the way to go ahead in such matters. It is said that he made some of his most successful Wall-St. speculations by aid of advice from a prominent medium, while at the same time, on once going to a medium and asking for some advice from the spirit of "Jim Fiske," he shook his head at the advice received and would not follow it, because his judgment said it was bad.

William.—(*From his distant corner, where he had been all the evening consulting a pile of big books*)—I suppose you know that the ancients made much of this clairvoyant faculty and greatly encouraged its development. The Sibyls and Pythonesses of old, the utterers of the wonderful Delphic oracles, were clairvoyants or trance mediums. The Grecian priesthood always had chosen emissaries who were ever on the watch for tidings of any maiden who possessed this, to them, divine gift. Such they at any risk or cost obtained for their temples. Herodotus and other ancient historians recount their marvelous sayings and prophecies. Just such a plan is to this day in operation in Thibet—that strange and interesting land. When a Grand Lama dies his spirit is supposed to immediately go into the body of some younger person. His successor is instantly sought for, and in this way: The inmates of the Lamasery bereft of its chief, after a time of fasting and prayer, select certain of their number, on whom devolves the duty of discovering the child in whom the spirit of the departed Grand Lama has taken refuge. The peculiarities of every child in the land are known to certain ones, who direct their course of pilgrimage to such and such a family. When the child is found, the tests are these: he must be able to tell the name of the Lamasery of which he pretends to be Grand Lama, its distance from his place, the habits of the defunct Grand Lama, the particular circumstances connected with his decease, and numberless other things. Besides this, books of prayer, furniture of all kinds, teapots and teacups, etc., are set before him, and out of all these he has to select those which belonged to him in his anterior life. Ordinarily, it is said, the child, aged at the most five or six years,

comes out victorious at every test. He replies to all the questions without embarrassment, gives them a verbal inventory of his ancient furniture. Here, he says, are the prayers I used to use; here is the bowl in which I took my tea, and so on.

F.—Why, that's *bona fide* clairvoyance.

Geo.—Very interesting, Professor.

Henry.—(*Stopping his whittling and looking up impatiently*)—But what's the moral of all this? To be sure, clairvoyance may be useful at times—help to find a murderer or thief, a lost cow or jack-knife, yet we can't all be clairvoyants, and it would seem silly for us moderns to depend on the sayings of such folks or refer to them as the ancients did.

Wil.—How do you know that we can't all become clairvoyants? There has never been any general effort made to cultivate such a faculty. It is certain that those who have it find that it increases in accuracy by use, and *vice versa*. Perhaps it would be found that a good many had it in a greater or less degree, should they set about developing it.

Geo.—I'd like to be clairvoyant enough to always know where my hat is when I want it.

Helen.—(*Looking up from her sewing demurely*)—So would most men, I guess.

Chorus of girls.—Ha! ha! ha!

F.—But seriously, now, it would really be convenient if this clairvoyant faculty could become more common. Supposing we all try to cultivate it, henceforth, as an experiment to see what can be done.

Geo.—(*Striking an attitude with his hands across his eyes*)—O! for a clairvoyant instinct to tell me where's that hat of mine!

THE POLYTECHNIC TOWNSHIP.

T. Wharton Collins, in an article in the last No. of the *Labor Balance*, elaborates a scheme by which he conceives every honest toiler may live by his labor. We give below its essential points:

The mighty instrument by which this result could be effected is the POLYTECHNIC TOWNSHIP.

Before I describe it, I should mention that though it might be instituted by private associated effort, I propose that the first one be organized and set to work by society itself.

A Polytechnic Township is a *voluntary* association of men of many and various productive industries, to the end that all might have sure work and an abundant living from that work. It has several essential and distinctive characteristics.

1. The kind of industries the township engages in are only such as are proper for the production of *all* things necessary and commodious. It carries on no work or trade in sumptuous, luxurious, or pernicious things.

2. It admits members from each trade in such *proportion* to the whole number of all trades, that the production or service of each trade will be adequate to the needs of all the members for that production or service; no more, no less.

3. It regulates the labor of each trade, so that each needed article is produced in such quantity as the township should consume, without leaving a surplus, except when a surplus is necessary to procure from outside those things which, from some insuperable reason, cannot be produced within the township itself, for its own consumption.

4. The ideal of the Polytechnic Township is, that it shall besides being self-supplying be also *self-sufficient*, as entirely as surrounding conditions will permit and as ingenious industry can make it.

5. The products are distributed among the coöperatives according to the labor-time of each; and they effect exchanges on the principle of average labor-time value.

Hence to provide RAW MATERIAL and FOOD it has members who are plowmen, reapers, gardeners, dairymen, shepherds, bee-tenders, orchardists, woodchoppers, miners, butchers, bakers, cooks, etc.; to make CLOTHING it has spinners, weavers, washers, dyers, tanners, shoemakers, hatters, tailors, milliners, seamstresses, etc.; for erecting HABITANTS and other buildings or receptacles, it has carpenters, joiners, coopers, brickmakers, bricklayers, stone-cutters and masons, etc.; for making its own TOOLS and engines, it has blacksmiths, locksmiths, cutlers, foundrymen, machinists, copper and brass workers, tanners, wheelwrights, millwrights, cabinet-makers, turners, etc.; for EDUCATION it has schoolmasters, lecturers, preachers, and other teachers, printers, etc.; and all these are marshaled in carefully estimated economic proportions, so that all of them are every day productively occupied, and that the operative of one trade or branch may take part in the work of others, whenever necessary or beneficial; and so that the time and strength of no one is wasted in idleness.

It is calculated that a township occupying an area six miles square (say, 23,000 acres) should have and could maintain about ten thousand inhabitants. With this space and number, the *proportional* grouping and labors of the members is easy and advantageous. As to the land, it is not absolutely necessary for it to be all in one body. It may be expedient to locate different industries in separate situations: a factory here, a field there, a saw-mill elsewhere. The essentials are, that the inhabitants be associated, that the results of their

industry be equitably distributed under the common control, that they have their reward according to the average labor-time standard of "proportionalism;" and that no drones or speculators gouge profit or usury from their productions.

SPIRITUALISTIC NOTES.

Spiritualism is making progress in New Zealand!

Dr. Mansfield estimates the number of Spiritualists at 43,000,000.

The *Spiritual Offering* has removed its office of publication from Springfield, Mo., to Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Slade is in Australia, and in order to convince the people of Melbourne that his claims are genuine has offered to hold a weekly séance with a committee of five well-known citizens—the results to be published.

D. A. Spencer of Bloomington, Indiana, is described by the newspapers as a remarkable mind-reader. It is said that he can find any object a person may hide, can tell the name and age of a person by taken hold of his hand, detect criminals, discover stolen property, and do many other useful things.

Who consult the Spirits? A reporter of the *New York Sun* has been asking Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the celebrated medium, this question, and the following are among the names given in reply: Geo. W. McCrary, Secretary of War. The Lincolns—especially the wife of the President. James Gordon Bennett and wife. Ex-Governor Talmage of Wisconsin. Benjamin Wade. Joshua R. Giddings. Henry Wilson, Ex-Vice-President. Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. Professor Agassiz. Professor C. C. Felton, of Harvard College. Professor George Bush, the Hebrew scholar. Elder Evans and Eldress Doolittle, of the Shakers. Charles Sumner. Judge Carter, of Ohio. Bishop Doane. Judge Cassidy, of Colorado, etc. etc.

WOMAN'S TOPICS.

Twenty-one Sisters of Charity have fallen victims of the yellow fever in Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans.

Sixty-five girls have entered the "freshman" class at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska all preceded New Hampshire in giving school supervision by vote to women.

There are in the United States 230 women practicing as doctors, 5 as lawyers, and 68 as ministers.

It is said that Anna Dickinson has bid a final adieu to the dramatic field, and will appear as lecturer again the coming season. The cost of her dramatic experiments is set down at \$30,000.

The average woman is, we fear, more solicitous about the appearance of her back hair than she is about the Eastern question or the currency, or the salvation of her own soul, even. And yet she is our mother, and I've no doubt you would rather have one of her girls than marry Jane Swisshelm, or Susan B. Anthony.

The Massachusetts Women Suffrage Committee will not call a convention to nominate State officers—three of the four political parties in that State having all taken grounds favoring Woman's suffrage, and the other having for its chief nominee "an avowed friend" of the same cause.

What for an idea would it be for the women's journals, to make a special department of witticisms upon the men, and so pay the latter in their own coin for the stale jokes upon the women, which have been repeated ever since newspapers were published?

The real Englishmen say that the Catholics of England do not exceed four or five per cent. of the entire population of that island, and that a considerable part of those are not English at all, but Irish, and that the number of aristocratic persons seceding from the Established Church to the Papal is but a very small drop in the bucket. The *Whitehall Review*, however, prints a list of high-life persons who have gone over to Romanism in this generation. It fills eight and a half columns in that paper, and includes the names of a duke, two marquises, five earls, fifteen barons and lords, taking no account of courtesy titles, seven baronets, three knights, a general, an admiral, ten members of parliament, four queen's counsel, four professors, 168 bona-fide clergymen, of whom sixty-seven have become priests or entered the Jesuit order, 160 gentlemen, sons of peers, fellows, etc., of whom fifty-one have become priests or Jesuits; thirty-eight peeresses, wives of baronets and knights, etc., and thirty-three other ladies of position. In this list are some literary names, as Florence Marryat, Coventry Patmore, Adelaide Anne Proctor, Arthur Sketchley, and others of less note.

RECEIVED.

HOW TO MAGNETIZE; OR, MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE. A Practical Treatise on the Choice, Management and Capabilities of Subjects, with Instructions on the Method of Procedure. By James Victor Wilson. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 1878. 18mo., 25 cts.

"CUPID'S YOKES" AND THE HOLY SCRIPTURES CONTRASTED, in a Letter from Parker Pillsbury to Ezra H. Heywood. Boston, Mass.: Albert Kendrick, Publisher. 1878.

FREE CANALS. Speeches of Hon. Isaac I. Hayes, Harvey J. Hurd, and Thomas G. Alvord, in the New York Assembly. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 1878.

HYGIENE OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES AND THE CURE OF NERVOUSNESS. With twenty-eight original Letters from Leading Thinkers and Writers concerning their Physical and Intellectual Habits. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1878.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Harvard is going to have a Gymnasium, costing \$100,000. The walls are now going up.

The Cunard steamers will land in New York hereafter, and not in Jersey City as heretofore.

The Republican candidate for Governor of Nebraska is Albinus Nance, a native of Greece.

The French have learned to endure Republicanism, but they are down on Communistic schemes and Socialism.

A philosopher out West speaks of being tired of living among the "heathen Hoosiers and savage Christians" of Indiana.

What is the use of a comic monthly when we could have a "Blockheads' Magazine" and so many cryptographic comic dailies?

A London letter says that the Marquis of Salisbury has been asking Secretary Evarts what we mean by selling war-ships to Russia.

Hoyle wrote his "Treatise on Whist" when he was in his seventieth year, and then lived to enjoy the game twenty-seven years longer.

The Cabinet officers have been putting their heads together to see how they can reduce expense in their respective executive departments.

The Czar is a bigger man than the Ameer and needs more watching. His newspapers want him to give a great deal of aid and comfort to the Afghan Chief.

It was Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, of the *Tribune*, who ciphered through that bundle of Tilden dispatches. It took him three months to do it, 'tis said.

Gambetta is taking his good things in the shape of love, fame and money. Has just married a widow, with a fortune of \$8,000,000. He can afford to live for France now.

That wind came from the east, and it did more damage all along the coast than any one we have had for years—\$2,000,000 damage in Philadelphia and lots of pious steeples toppled over.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage speaks of the sins of New York too much in the concrete. What they want is to have him deal with them in the abstract—theologically, philosophically and economically, like.

Arif Bay, the President of the Red Crescent Committee, at Constantinople, has gone to Mecca, to "lobby" among the pilgrims and send them home favorable to the British policy in Afghanistan.

King Alphonso was shot at but not hit the evening of the 25th, while riding through a street of Madrid known as the Calle Mayor. His would-be assassin is a cooper and claims to be an international.

Since the collapse of the Bank of the City of Glasgow there have been failures in Great Britain amounting to \$50,000,000. The last one was that of Matthew Buchanan & Co., of Glasgow, for \$5,000,000.

Bayard Taylor, our Minister to Germany, was "wined and dined" fearfully before he set out for Europe, but he has had affliction enough since he got there, and lately he has undergone the dangerous operation of tapping for dropsy.

"The strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next thing is to boss the job." And she would do it if it were not for the man's stupid obstinacy.

How are we peddlers going to get across the Isthmus of Darien with our goods when we want to go to Peru and Chili? The Panama Railroad charges a fare of \$25 for a distance of forty-two miles, and its freight rates are in like proportion.

Ansell Merritt, of Kansas, has given public notice that he shall not fulfill any contracts made with him when in liquor. Folks had been taking advantage of him when he was in that condition, and so he appeals from Ansell drunk to Ansell sober.

The Island of Samoa, in which the United States has acquired a harbor, has a population of 80,000, a majority of whom are Christians. Its theological seminary has 80 students and sends out 20 missionaries a year to the neighboring islands.

An article by Earnest Renan, on "The Emperor Hadrian and Christianity," is to appear in the November-December number of the *North American Review*; also a paper entitled "Pessimism in the Nineteenth Century," by Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood.

Death is a-culling out the magnates of the Catholic church. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, France; Galberry, Bishop of Hartford; Rosecrans, Bishop of Columbus, and lastly his Eminence Paul Cullen, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, aged seventy-six.

The Catholics of New York city have been holding a fair in their great new cathedral which has been twenty years in building and scarcely done yet. If it has the experience of the other great structures of its kind, it is not likely to be ever fully completed.

One needs to have a care in using colored fabrics—many of which are made poisonous in the dyeing. In view of the

frequency of this kind of poisoning the *Scientific American* says, "It will soon become necessary to test for arsenic all goods before venturing to wear them."

The more we ask to have that Fisheries award explained the more we are inclined to call it a wild overcharge and demand a new bill. It is believed now that \$120,000 a year would cover any claim that was ever made by the Canadians.

There is \$16,297,429 in fractional currency outstanding. Of this currency all has been retired that has found its way into the treasury, and it is believed that nearly the whole of this outstanding sum has been lost by wear and tear and fire and will never be presented for redemption.

The old Horton House, at Southold, Suffolk Co., Long Island, is said to be the oldest house in America, having been built in 1639. It is about to be torn down to give place to a new one. The inhabitants of Southold and its vicinity will give the old house a good-bye by holding an entertainment within its walls.

Major Ben. Perley Poore, the original "Washington correspondent," is at work on a 600-page volume of biography, giving longer and shorter accounts of every legislator who has made any mark upon the national legislation of this country since its existence as a separate government. Such a book could be of the liveliest interest.

Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer, has looked up into the sky and cast his eye around the political horizon, and he says, "I am not able to say that I am sure there will not be a renewal of war. It is impossible to ignore the fact that difficulties are being raised against the execution of certain parts of the treaty of Berlin."

Commodore Schufeldt, of the United States Navy, will go out by and by in the Ticonderoga on an expedition to Africa for the purpose of opening up new ways of commerce between that continent and this. He will touch first at Liberia, then proceed southward along the coast to Cape of Good Hope, and northward along the eastern coast, as well as visit the Pacific islands.

A congress of savants is to be held at St. Petersburg to discuss the propriety of marking time in New Style, and have the Russian year begin on the first of January with ours. Belonging to the Greek church the Russians were too bigoted to accept the reformation of the calendar adopted by Pope Gregory, and so have gone along in their old unscientific way, though they do take account of leap years.

"The inhabitants of Springfield, Ill.," are scarce, says a writer in the *Graphic*, "who do not take a mournful sort of pride in escorting the visitor to the Lincoln residence, which has come down to the base uses of a boarding-house, and then to the great tomb in the pretty cemetery of Oak Ridge, on the outskirts." This monument by Meade is chaste, massive and animated by groups of heroic sculpture.

"The opinion among lawyers," says M. D. Conway, "appears to be that the precedents of English law are so preponderantly in favor of women seeking restitution of conjugal rights, that it will be almost impossible for any court to deny Mrs. Besant's claim." "She has not," however, "the remotest idea of again living with her husband or of giving up her present convictions; but she means by this to get her cards back again and play a new game with her husband."

John Bull will watch the war clouds this winter and see to the execution of the Berlin Treaty. Russia is forming a camp of 60,000 men at Kishenev, and she refuses to evacuate the Dobrudzha until Roumania has concluded an alliance offensive and defensive. Her agents are now claiming all of Moldavia east of the river Sereth. She does not, in fact, seem to have loosened her hold upon anything she has gained by the war.

Walt Whitman has been sitting on a rail fence "scabbed" with moss and lichens, pondering a field of yellow, ripening corn. He rhapsodizes: "How the half mad vision of William Blake—how the far freer, far firmer fantasy that wrote 'Midsummer-Night's Dream'—would have reveled night or day, and beyond stint, in one of our American Corn Fields. Truly, in color, outline, material and spiritual suggestions, where any more inclosing theme for idealist, poet, or literary artist?"

That Ameer of Afghanistan is a high old barbarian. He has said to the British, "Come on, I trust in God," or words to that effect. In view of the difficulties of an invasion the English have decided to put off the job till spring, when an irresistible force is to be hurled against the Afghans. Russia has intimated that she will, in case that England overcomes the Ameer, be on hand to look out for the interests of that monarch and Asia. This is a kind of diplomatic tit for tat.

"Who is to pay for humiliating the Ameer, we or India?" That is the question the home-staying Englishmen are asking themselves. They think a great deal of money has been spent on India, and that she ought to do something handsome to uphold her end of the Empire. It appears to be the fact that England can depend on India for troops to carry on war in Europe with more certainty of not being dis-

appointed, than she can depend on that over-populated country for money to defend itself.

M. De Lesseps, who has made himself sufficiently famous as the constructor of the Suez Canal, now wants to dig a Darien Canal, and connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. It would cost the moderate sum of \$500,000,000, and be a greater triumph of capital and engineering than the Egyptian work, though it would be a long time before it could be so important in the commerce of the world. Let M. De Lesseps go ahead. We care not whose the glory is, provided the work is done and done well.

Major Burbank, the humorist of the New Orleans *Picayune*, has had the yellow fever, and he writes thus to a friend: "The fever gave me a good tussle, but I feel better now than I have felt for a year. I feel as if God is good to paragraphers. He has been good to me. And the boys have all been good. Burdette wrote me a beautiful letter right from the bottom of his kindly heart. The *Picayune* people continued my pay during my five weeks' fever vacation, and everybody seemed anxious to do something for me. Kind words and acts go a long way to give a man heart and hope when he is down, and they kept me wanting to live when I could have died with very little difficulty."

The work of bulldozing the Republicans goes steadily on in South Carolina. When that party undertakes to hold a public meeting the Democratic rifle-clubs turn out in their red shirts and the demand is made that their spouters shall divide the time with the Republican speakers, and the result is, that meeting has to be given up. In Florida the Democrats go to work in a different way. Taking advantage of a law they got passed last winter they revise the lists of voters in a summary way, striking off the names of Republicans till they are sure of leaving themselves in the majority. This course makes the Democrats very serene and undemonstrative. They don't ask to divide anybody's time.

This passage from Colonel Ingersoll shows what kind of a Socialist he is: "Here is a shoe-shop. One man in the shop is always busily at work during the day—always industrious. In the evening he goes courting a good, nice girl. There are five other men in the shop who don't do any such thing. They spend half of their working hours in loafing and their evenings in dissipation. This first young man by and by puts out from these others and gets a boot and shoe store of his own. Then he marries this girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out to ride of an evening. The five laborers, his former companions, who see him indulging in this little luxury, retire to a neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that there is an eternal struggle between labor and capital."

The *Atlantic* for November has an anonymous article on "The Nationals, their Origin and their Aims." The writer of it gives the substance of his conversations with thirty-four different workmen living in three adjoining States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and all of them personal acquaintances of his. They are natives of this country, and of good repute; most of them are poor, and all work with their hands; they are liberals in religion, and some of them are Spiritualists, none of them Catholics; they all of them have what is called a good common-school education; more than half have been teachers. "I used a note-book and pencil as we talked, often repeating the questions and reading my memoranda to my neighbor for his approval." "Most of them could make nearly as good speeches as the average Congressman, and they have a great deal of such information as is to be obtained from scraps and items in newspapers." "There is probably a larger proportion of the members of the national party than of either of the other political parties who are able to 'make a good speech,' and who are now engaged in writing for the newspapers of the country." "They are all aggressive and confident"—"are very much in earnest, but I could discern no sign of that sense of responsibility which all men of insight feel in undertaking movements which must seriously affect the welfare of many millions of human beings." "They agree in thinking lightly of culture;" "none of them spoke of the need of industry, economy or wise self-direction on the part of their own class, though they were confident of their ability to reorganize and direct society." In conclusion the writer says of their intellectual character: "It appeared to me that very few of these men had received any education in regard to the laws, methods and difficulties of clear and trustworthy thinking. They seemed unconscious of the danger from illusions, and of the necessity for testing and verifying opinions and theories by patient analysis and comparison. Many of them, indeed, professed the belief, that the direct mental vision or intuition of uneducated men is more valuable in determining matters connected with legislation and the organization and progress of society, than the trained and disciplined faculties of students or men of culture." * * Their faculties have not been trained to analysis or comparison, or to the study, by trustworthy methods, of the relations between cause and effect. They still use very largely the methods of thought of uncivilized or prehistoric men. At every step they are the unconscious prey of illusion, and they are to a great extent incapable of receiving guidance or assistance from anybody wiser than themselves. Their intellectual character is a matter of profound interest to me, because I believe it to be very nearly that of a vast majority of the voters of the country; and almost precisely that which our existing methods of education are fitted to produce."

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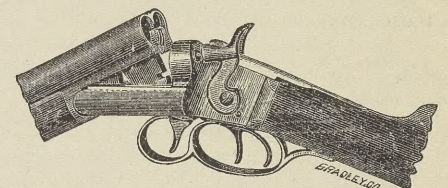
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